

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Miscellaneous Home Hints.

When white linen becomes mildewed it should be washed in warm water, with a little borax, and then rinsed in clean water. After this put it into a tub of water containing a little hydrochloric acid, then rinse and dry in the sun.

When the rubber rings used for closing preserve jars become so hard as to be useless, their elasticity may be restored by leaving them for half an hour in two parts of ammonia and one of water.

Oil-cloth may be improved in appearance by rubbing it with a mixture of a half-ounce of beeswax in a saucerful of turpentine. Set this in a warm place until they can be thoroughly mixed. Apply with a flannel cloth and then rub with a dry flannel.

For adhesive labels dissolve 1-2 oz. common glue, which has laid a day in cold water, with some candy sugar, and 3-4 oz. gum arabic, in 6 oz. hot water, stirring constantly till the whole is homogeneous. If this paste is applied to labels with a brush and allowed to dry, they will then be ready for use by merely moistening with the tongue.

Ants can easily be exterminated by putting about two ounces of lard oil in a small tin can without a top and burying the can about half-way in the earth near the ants' nest. Leave it until the next day, and if any ants are seen outside of the can, pour a little more oil into it stir it with a stick and let it stand a little longer. When the last ant within traveling distance will be drowned in the oil.

If you are troubled with sleeplessness, times of mental confusion, headaches, (especially headaches aggravated by eating, and relieved by open air), swimming in the head or vertigo, and irritations affecting the sight or hearing, perhaps you are drinking too much coffee. It is an article of such common use, and one so generally thought well of, that people are slow to attribute to it any of the ordinary nervous disturbances which it may be the cause of; and especially because it has, like many other narcotics, far more effect for evil upon some constitutions than upon others.

For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is more cooling than sweet oil and zotzon, which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain.—Kansas Farmer.

If powdered cloves are scattered where red ants are it will be found very successful in driving them away.

A leading dentist says the teeth should be washed with a stiff brush on rising, and with an old used brush immediately after each meal always employing lukewarm water or holding cold water in the back part of the mouth until it is warmed. Never eat an atom after the teeth have been washed for the night. Always use the brush slowly, lest by a slip a tooth may be scaled or broken. After meals let the bristles of the brush be moved up and down by a twisting motion, making each one a toothpick. A yellowish tint to a tooth is proof of its soundness; hence, do not seek to keep them of a pearly whiteness. It destroys them.

Cuttings of geraniums may be made at any time this month or until the time of frost. By making cuttings and rooting them now good flowering plants can be procured for the winter. The later cuttings, if kept from blooming in the cuttings, will make budding plants for next summer.

A Boy's Sleep.

It is a mistake to awaken children too early in the morning. If a boy sleeps until 8 o'clock, because he does not go to bed until 10 or later, the remedy lies not in waking him early, but in putting him to sleep early. If he goes to bed early and sleeps late, that fact alone is reason enough for not waking him. A great deal of harm may be done by applying to growing children the term of "early to rise," "rising with the sun," etc. In old times, when artificial light was scarce and dear, and many people were obliged to go to bed with the fowls, lying abed in the morning was a sign of laziness. This tradition has come down to us with so much force that many believers in it think it a virtue to cut short the rest of even young children; whereas sleep is absolutely necessary to their health and development. If a boy who does not sit up late sleeps until 8 o'clock, it is a sign that he needs more sleep than most boys; and it is too sweeping, as it is cruel, to say "wake him early." A parent has no more right to starve a child of sleep than of food; not as much, in fact, because a child is often in danger of eating too much, but seldom in danger of sleeping too much; certainly not when his sleep is a part of his regular night's slumber.

Ladies' Wraps.

A London letter in the Hartford Times says: Wraps play a much larger part in stylish dressing in London than in New York, and to American women upon a first visit the seeming incongruity of light dresses accompanied by heavy wraps and even fur capes is a constant subject of remark and sometimes ridicule. But English women know what they are about. The sun through the day is very hot; the air out of the sun's direct influence very cool, and over the whole atmosphere, the moment the sun has gone down, falls thin, transparent, vaporous mist, followed by clear, cool, refreshing evenings and nights, when covering for comfort is actually needed. An English woman, therefore, never goes out without a wrap; not necessarily for wear, but for emergencies. Wraps as part of the

costume are less common than in New York, but there is much more style and expense put into independent wraps, or rather this kind of wrap is more commonly worn. For example: Upon a recent afternoon at Lord's where perhaps 10,000 people were assembled and from twenty to thirty drags, the toilets were all of the lightest and thinnest material—thin, open-work embroideries over batiste, lace over silk, transparent wools and gauze or net embroidered and draped upon satin or china silk. With such costumes in cream and canary, pale blue and strawberry, flesh pink and terra-cotta were carried long cloaks of ruby plush, wide capes lined with plush, with hoods and long ends that can be thrown over the shoulders, and dolmans of chuddah cloth or India wool, silk lined and fringed or trimmed with pendant braids in the color of the cloth.

Courtesy at Home.

One is forcibly reminded, in going from place to place, how small and seemingly trivial often are the things which go to make or mar the comfort and peace of home. In some households there is a genuine good will and kindness which only works out half its mission, for the reason that it does not express itself in little courtesies of speech and action. These are more important than some of our busy men and women may realize. The ready "thank you," "if you please," etc., at table and elsewhere, the quiet "excuse me" when obliged to pass directly before or inconveniently near another; the loving "good night" and cheery "good morning"—although little things, are helps in making a happy home. Courtesy is but a ready overflow of kindness and good will to all, and is therefore but a natural expression which costs nothing, but which often cheers an aching heart, and which never fails to make home brighter and more attractive to the old and young.

Raising Calves.

There is no subject in connection with the dairy of greater interest to the general reader than that of raising calves. This is one of the points in the dairy farm. With all the modern notions and undoubtedly correct ones, too, if we had a wife who loved to feed calves, we would like no better business than buying up the candidates for "deacons" and making good profitable veal of them, says the American Dairyman. Prof. Henry gives some fresh ideas on the subject. He says that, from carefully conducted experiments, he finds that skim-milk is worth 25 cents per 100 pounds for feed to calves. More calves, he says, are injured by over-feeding than by under-feeding. Feed three times a day moderately, not colder than 68 deg. Fahrenheit, and find this out with the thermometer. Teach the calf to eat whole oats by the time it is three weeks or a month old, by slipping a few small handfuls into its mouth just after it has drunk milk. When it has learned to eat them, keep a supply before it in a little box. If you haven't oats enough for the horses and calves both, let the horses go without rather than the calves. Don't waste time to grind the oats. Bran, oil-meal and same other articles are good, but oats are the most satisfactory of all. He never knew of a calf eating too many.

Selection of the Best Seed.

The season of harvest is with us, and there are a few things that it will profit us to bear in mind. From many of the crops, selections should be made for the next year's seed. As the potatoes are earthed, we will be best able to select the most vigorous seed from the strongest hills. The evidence as shown by the N. Y. Experiment Station is, that the stronger the potato, the stronger the hill from which it grew, other things being favorable, the greater and better will be the progeny. The cereal producing the strongest plant, the most and best ears, and the maximum stalks, may be expected to produce progeny superior to the plant less robust or less prolific. The finely formed, good-sized, early-ripening squash, cucumber, pumpkin, or other vegetable, should not be overlooked, if seed is to be sought for in the crop. A wise man will judiciously select his own seed, in the manner that best promotes his own interests; he will carefully store it away from mice and other vermin, in a place where its vegetative powers will not be impaired, and on the advent of another season, will be properly equipped for planting. But if a farmer's crop be poor, and the seed inferior, the wisest course will be to get better seed from another source, as a profit will result in the next crop that will over-balance the money expended.

Farm Hints.

The least painful way of slaughtering a calf is to hoist it up by the hind legs over a pulley and then immediately cut the throat with a sharp knife as to sever all the veins and arteries at one stroke. This suddenly arrests all sensation because it stops the supply of blood to the brain and paralyzes that organ. The blood escapes very quickly and the flesh is drained completely, leaving it white and clear.

Professor J. W. Sanborn refers to the cooking of food for farm stock as having been, after innumerable trials by farmers, "in most cases abandoned in silence" and "living again only in the praises of new beginners." In proof of this statement he quotes from certain "full and satisfactory tests" at the Maine Agricultural College, continued during nine years. Without entering upon the philosophy of the matter," Professor Sanborn contents himself by "warning against this infatuation."

"Apples and Abstinence."

The most prolific source of disease among human beings as well as animals, is over-eating. We are ever on the watch for dainties. Weh meaning housewives are eager for recipes for dishes and confections to tempt the appetite of persons not hungry. The consequence is—lives wasted by chronic dyspepsia; sick and cross children; malarial ailments—so called—which are produced or encouraged by bilious disorders; the frequent diarrhoea and dysentery of the summer season; and who knows how many cases of fevers from too great plethora and headaches from overworked stomachs? Eat only when the appetite is good, and simple food. When one rejects oatmeal mush or plain bread and butter and wants cakes and dainties, he or she is suffering from gluttony.—F. Warner.

Take the advice of an old man, dweller upon farms, and substitute fruit for fat in your summer cooking. Overloading the stomach and overworking the liver with meats, gravies, cakes and pies that are half made up of greasy ingredients alluring to the taste, through being aggravated by sweets, is the chief source of headaches and all the wretchedness of dyspepsia and tax of doctors' bills. One of the best physicians I ever knew said once, in a moment of confidence, that he never took any medicine but "apples and abstinence." For myself, after having for years endured the miserable effects of diet supplied by lard-dispensing cooks, I have not had occasion to consult doctor or druggist for nearly twenty years since living wholly on plain, regular, limited diet, and now, in old age, I begin to really enjoy life.—T. Yokeloff.

Some Feeding.

Mr. J. M. Murcey of the Iowa Agricultural College, gives the following feeding experience and some observations thereon: "Aug. 28, 1884, 14 shoats, weighing 1,935 pounds, were bought for 5 cents per pound. Dec. 1884, 13 sold for \$3.75 per 100, the average weight being 346 pounds. For convenience deduct 138 pounds from the total weight of 1,935, which cost, at 5 cents per pound, \$89.85; 4,498 pounds sold for \$5.75 per 100 \$1,087.67; gross receipts, \$78.82. The growth of 2,701 pounds from Aug. 28 to Dec. 31 must have required, according to reliable experiments, at least 225 bushels of corn. This at 25 cents per bushel leaves a net profit of only \$22.57. These figures are valuable. They show that a splendid gain can be made on buttermilk and dry corn, which was their feed almost the entire time. It seems to me that those farmers having splendid conveniences for breeding swine will generally make the greatest profit by selling shoats, weighing say 90 to 110 pounds, for 1-2 to one cent above regular market price. Such prices are readily obtained of other farmers in this locality. All young animals are the most profitable, giving the greatest increase in live weight from the least food. This statement is not generally believed among feeders and yet it remains a scientific truth nevertheless."

Harvesting Onions.

When the tops of onions begin to turn yellow and fall down, it is time the bulbs are harvested. They should not be left in the ground much longer than this, as they are liable to commence a second growth, which very much injures the keeping quality. They may be pulled with a wooden rake, or light diggingfork. Some growers let them lie on the ground after pulling, two or three weeks to dry; others put them in small piles after three or four days, to sweat; leaving them thus two or three weeks, after which they are again spread for a day or two, and then stored. The bulbs may be put into barrels, or spread upon the floor of a loft or store-room. If on a tight floor, they should not be piled more than a foot deep, though they may be safely piled 3 or 4 feet deep in bins having slatted bottoms. If kept over winter, they should be protected from severe freezing.

Men's Full Dress.

The evening full dress suit of the coming season will vary but little in actual appearance from that of preceding years. The coat, as a rule, will be made of fine diagonal worsted cloth, although for elderly gentlemen broadcloth is frequently worn. The fronts of the garment are so cut that when lying close into the body the ends of the roll will meet. The well-peaked lapels are to be exceedingly light, with five button holes, a trifle below the third of which they are made to turn. Silk facing covers the lapels to the button holes. The collar is to be made a trifle less in width than the top of the lapel, its outer edges ranging very nearly with the outside edges of the lapel. The edges are bound about one-eighth of an inch in width, and the garment's corners are all slightly rounded. As has been stated, the garment should be made of worsted, and the trousers and vest of the same material. Should the coat and vest, however, be made of broadcloth, the trousers are to be made of doeklin.

Within the last two years there has been a gradual but marked change in the cutting of trousers. The change is undoubtedly for the better. The "skin-tight" garments of the last few years are to be known no more. Man's leg covering is still to be shapely; that is neither verging on bagginess nor tightness. The trousers for full dress will follow this rule, and at the bottom will, this year, end with a very slight spring, and in many cases a narrow binding will be sewed on the seams at the sides. The vest varies but slightly from those heretofore worn. The opening is very decided, and in form should be somewhat of the shape of a shield. The buttons are four in number, and are about two inches apart. The garment is finished with a collar that rolls slightly.

THE JAPANESE FLOODS.

A Description of the Awful Calamity Clipped from a Hiogo Paper.

The last mail from Japan brought the Hiogo News of July 9 last, which contains the following description of the great flood at Osaka Fu:

The magnitude of the late calamity that has fallen upon Osaka Fu makes it desirable that a full account of the disaster should be given to the public. And yet it is very difficult at present to do more than to state some of the facts that have been obtained from reliable witnesses, and also to give some of the hasty estimates made by higher officials as to the extent of the devastation.

On Saturday, the 27th of June, after the first week of rain had ceased, the view from the mountains ten miles east of Osaka revealed what seemed to be a great lake extending many miles north and east from the foot of the Castle. A large part of the fruitful valley between Kyoto and Osaka was flooded. The damage done at that time was so great that the sympathy of the whole nation began to be expressed in substantial offerings, and it was hoped that the worst was passed. But two or three days of heavy showers followed by the many more of wrenching rains resulting in the greater calamities that has befallen the Empire for a century.

On Wednesday, the 1st July, the road north of the Castle was literally jammed with the crowds of men, women and children that were being driven before the flood like sheep. The rain fell in torrents and the wind blew a gale, while the wretched people, deserted one thing after another that they had tried to save, at last left all and ran for their lives. It was evident by this time that, if the storm continued, the water would be in some danger, and the foreigners began to send their families to Kobe or up to the higher ground of the city.

Next morning the whole Concession was flooded, the deepest place being three or four feet. The authorities kindly put boats at the disposal of the foreigners, and these, with canoes, took the place of wading and of jimrikisha. With this depth of water the current in the river was violent. The wooden bridges, one after another, were washed away in great sections, and came drifting down with tremendous force upon the three iron bridges of the Concession. Thousands of spectators gathered on roofs, or waded out into the streets to see these bridges strike, expecting of course that they would go through with hardly a check in their speed, but they struck as if against a mountain. Every effort was made to break in pieces these wooden bridges and to save the iron ones, and in the dangerous work it was exciting to see the utter recklessness of both men and officers, and admirable to note the forgetfulness on the part of the officers of their dignity as they joined with the coolies hand to hand. The immense strain on these iron bridges, however, made them liable to break at any moment, and as the water was rapidly rising on the Concession, and the streets were becoming swift rivers, the Fu authorities, who had already repeatedly offered their assistance, sent once more about midnight to beg the residents to leave the Concession, stating that they could not at all foresee where the calamity would end, and when once the bridges gave way it might no longer be in their power to do anything for the safety of the settlement; they kindly offered to put a policeman in each house, and if the worst came they would save what property they could. And they put at the disposal of the foreigners, except one household, a crowded the Seibu bridge, and were immediately escorted to the Castle hospital.

By this time over one-third of the city was flooded, when in the surrounding country most heart-rending scenes were taking place. Thirteen villages just northeast of the castle were entirely blotted out of existence—not a vestige remaining. Another village of 500 houses has but one left standing. The miserable people were driven to the river banks, and into trees, and crowds of toads and huge snakes were their companions. A native paper has an article entitled "The Misery of Hell," in which a man who had climbed a pine found the snakes above him and the flood beneath. Thousands of people took refuge in their cramped second stories and on the roofs of their houses and as no instant relief was possible for so many, they remained there without food for three days in some cases. Many at the sight of the awful calamity, or from the stain consequent on seeing their children swept away from any help, were crazed by grief. Seventy-five poor creatures were rescued from one godown so encumbered that some of them were unable to stand. Children were born on the relief boats, and it is reported that births took place on the roofs of houses during the typhoon. It is also said that every man, woman and child of one village were caught in the flood and perished before help could arrive. Among the rumors which are hard to verify we hear that scores of helpless women and children were swept away at once by the breaking of a large section of the river bank beyond the Mint where they were huddled together.

A high official estimated that the number of bodies recovered was 1,000, but the number of lost is now roughly placed at 15,000. The damage done was put at \$10,000,000, but now one would hardly care to suggest any sum that would cover the total loss of property.

was put at \$10,000,000, but now one would hardly care to suggest any sum that would cover the total loss of property.

A Sketch of Hettie Green.

From Washington Letter to Cleveland Leader.

Hettie Green is the sharpest woman on Wall Street and the richest woman in New York. She is over forty years old and she numbers her fortune by as many millions as there are years in her life. Her mother was somewhat of an heiress and her father had increased the family pile to \$9,000,000 at the time of his death. This fortune Hettie, as the only child, inherited, and she at once went to work to increase it. Much of her fortune was invested in ships, but these she considered dangerous and sold them and placed the proceeds in good interest-paying mortgage. She bought these mortgages of small towns all over England, traveling about and investigating the securities for herself. Shortly after her father's death a maiden aunt of hers died and left her \$4,000,000 more. The \$13,000,000 that Hettie Green thus inherited she had increased by careful speculation to about \$20,000,000 at the time she married E. H. Green, of New York.

Miss Hettie had an ante-nuptial contract with him whereby he agreed to pay all of the household expenses and to leave her property of \$20,000,000 and more in her own name. After her wedding she kept up her business work, and through her husband got into Wall Street speculation. She did the speculating herself, however, and made while her husband lost. She could buy large blocks of stock and would buy and bear the market as she thought best. She has made money right along, and is now said to be worth forty odd millions. She is very economical withal, and though her income must be several millions a year, her total household expenses are not over \$5,000. She rides down Broadway in a five-cent 'bus, carrying perhaps \$100,000 in her reticule, and she used to walk to parties through the snow, pulling old woolen stockings over her shoes to keep her feet dry and save buying rubbers. When she got to the place of entertainment she would pull off her socks and hang them on the hat rack to dry. She kept her silver and securities at John Cisco's bank, and the bankers say she came periodically to the bank with a box of whitening and polished her silver herself. When Cisco failed, not long ago, she took two cabs to carry away the plate, and the securities which Mrs. Green had on deposit were found to be over \$25,000,000. Hettie Green has two children, a boy and a girl. The girl is 13 and the boy 14 years old. The boy is an invalid, but his mother says she intends to make him the richest man in America. If she keeps on piling up money at her present rate she will probably succeed.

He Felt Discouraged.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He had a wearied, sad-eyed expression, as if booked for a funeral, and was awaiting the hearse and mourners. A sympathetic friend sought to sound the secret of his woe. The wearied man responded: "I feel discouraged." "Tut! You mustn't give way to grief in that despairing way. You know what the poet sang: 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast.'" "Ah, yes! But it ain't for me. When a man's seen what I've seen hope ain't for him."

"Bless my soul, what can have happened?"

"I'll tell you. Mayhap it will give relief. You know how steady I've been sitting tip to Miss Hopsnood's?"

"Everybody knows you sat up to her like a sick kitten to a warm stove."

"She encouraged me, and I felt I was solid till first one and then another got to whispering that she was sitting Gus Tombell out 'n out. I wouldn't believe a word of it. Didn't she go with me to ice cream parlors two or three times a week and picnics, and didn't that show I was solid? So I believed she was all right and wouldn't hear to a word contrary."

"That's right. Don't never listen to busy talk."

"That's what I was determined till to-day. A person told me a little while ago that he saw Tom Mill escorting Kate home from the matinee. That didn't worry me. I knew he was all right and thought everything of me. So I started up to call on her. It wasn't my night to pay my regular visits, but I wanted to go, just to show them I knew it was all right. I met her ma at the gate. She said I'd better not go in. That sounded queer, but I did not let it bother me at all. Then the old man—he was smoking his pipe under a tree—he clipped in; he guessed Kate wasn't expecting me to-night. That was queer, too. Still, I wouldn't allow myself to be discouraged. I was sure Kate could explain everything, no matter how it looked. On the step I met Kate's little sister. She kind of snickered, and had a curious, cute look in her eyes as she said: 'Kate won't be like to see you to-night.' This was the queerest of all. But still I wouldn't give way. Something told me to keep a stiff upper lip and not be discouraged. And I determined I wouldn't. So I walked right into the parlor, and then—"

"What?"

"I saw Kate sitting on the lounge with that Tom Mill—he with his arm round her waist and she with her head flopped down onto his breast."

"Then you gave way?"

"Then I felt discouraged and came away."

Mr. Jones, the revivalist, in his sermon in Cincinnati said: "I don't believe any of Darwin's theory unless you invert it. Invert it, and my judgment is, it's a fact. We came from the blessed hand of God perfect. But I look about me and I think the world is running to monkeys."

SKULLS AND BONES.

The Ghastly Collection in the Army Medical Museum.

Washington Star.

There is one place in Washington that very few sight-seers visit. It is a museum with a very extensive and novel collection, composed entirely of fragments of dead people, and it occupies the old Ford's Theater, on Tenth street, in which Lincoln met his tragic death. The once gay theater is now associated with skeletons and death. The first floor, where the pit was, is occupied by the clerical force of the medical department of the army. The dress circle contains the library, and a few articulated skeletons, while the peanut gallery, where the street arabs used to assemble at night to applaud the acting and drop peanut hulls and orange peelings on the bald heads in the pit, is given up exclusively to the fragments of dead men. There is seldom anybody in the museum except the attendant. At the entrance of the library a group of skeletons stand grinning a sepulchral welcome, those in front standing in a careless attitude "too naked to be ashamed," while those behind leer over their shoulders with an air of familiarity that is offensive to a person of delicate sensibilities.

Near the door is a sign and an index finger, which tells the visitor that the museum is up-stairs, and these grinning gibbering skeletons seem to feel a cynical satisfaction in directing the way to the upper room where are collected the relics of ruined men. One tall, fine-looking fellow stands with his foot on a skull. The rest stand with their toes turned in and their long, bony fingers spread out at their sides or twisted together. Some of them are young, spry, dandified skeletons, with head erect and polished white foreheads and a full set of pure white teeth, while others are hollow chested snaggle toothed old creatures, and others again are black and shrivelled up, like witches' imps. They all have that offensive, familiar grin which seems to say that they hope to know you better later on.

Up stairs there are rows of glass cases all the way around the wall, and close together from east to west across the room, there are large glass bottles, like preserving jars. Some have human hearts in them, some hold the lungs and liver. Others hold kidneys, spleens, eyes, noses, ears or fingers of men who have been a long time dead. Among the spleens is that of Guiteau, which is a third larger than any of the rest. One case is devoted to arms and legs that have been amputated, and show how nice and slick the surgeon's knife and saw went through. Some of them are all lacerated and torn to pieces by gunshot wounds—most of the exhibits are the scraps of men picked up off the battle field. One heart has two big ounce bullets imbedded in it. Another has a deep gash in it and near by is a dirk knife. In another case is devoted to horrible looking hands and feet put up in glass jars. All are swelled up and lacerated. Some have the flesh torn away and the bone and sinews left bare. A solitary thumb reposes in a small bottle, while a little finger is crooked up in another. An eye torn from its socket by a musket ball is soaked in alcohol; odds and ends and all sorts of fragments of dead people are collected there like the scraps for a crazy quilt.

But the chief of the collection consists of small fragments of bones. There is a section of the backbone of Booth in a glass case not many feet from the spot where he shot Lincoln. There are all sorts of human bones shattered by shot and shell. Skulls with great big lead balls sticking in them; big bones with fragments of iron shells crushing them into powder; joints broken apart by musket balls; there are skulls, ribs, legs, and arms shattered and shivered by all sorts of missiles of war, and in some cases the lead and the bone have become welded together. There are over 9,000 specimens of bones fractured in curious ways by shot. There are plaster casts of different cuts of the human body that make the cases look like a butcher's stall. Then there are more articulated skeletons. There is the great French skeleton, a giant in proportions, every bone as white as ivory, teeth all perfect like pearls, toes turned out, and palms of the hands extended with all the grace of a dancing master.

"Look at those teeth," said one of the attendants to a reporter. "He is proud of those teeth. None but a French skeleton could have teeth like that. You can always tell a Frenchman by that. There's a Yankee. None at all! Only one canine, and half the jaw rotted away. That's because they use too much tobacco. If Americans knew how it ruined their skeletons they wouldn't chew so much. A Frenchman has a right to be proud of his skeleton. I should be ashamed to be a skeleton without teeth. That's a mighty fine looking woman there," and he dusted the glass case that protected a set of delicately fashioned bones. "She's French. See her teeth; like pearls. If you want to make a good skeleton take care of your teeth."

These articulated skeletons are the only actors now on the stage that used to afford amusement to Abraham Lincoln, and their bony fingers point out the spot where he met his death.

A published portrait of Return Jonathan Meigs, Jr., one of the early settlers of Ohio, leads to an old reminiscence in the Hartford Courant. His father was a resident of Middletown, and his singular name originated thus. In the early history of Middletown, Mr. Jonathan Meigs asked a lady to become his wife. She refused him, and Meigs felt so badly that he left her house weeping. She, observing his grief, cried out to him when he was a few rods from her, "Return, Jonathan Meigs." He went back, she accepted him, and they were married. He declared that the words uttered by the young woman gave him more comfort than any other he had ever heard. Therefore, wishing to express his gratitude, he named his first child Return Jonathan Meigs. The son became postmaster-general of the United States and governor of Ohio.